ANC

PAUL TERRY'S COMICS

10¢

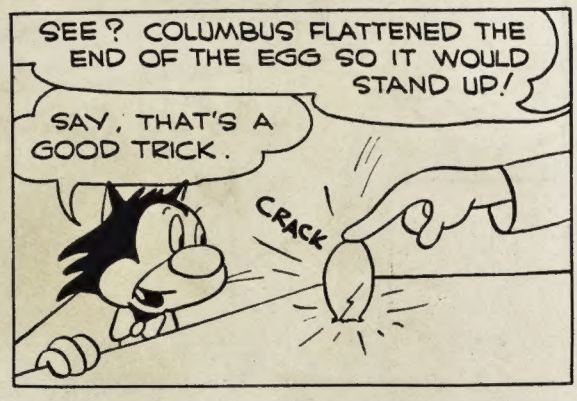
TERRY-TOONS

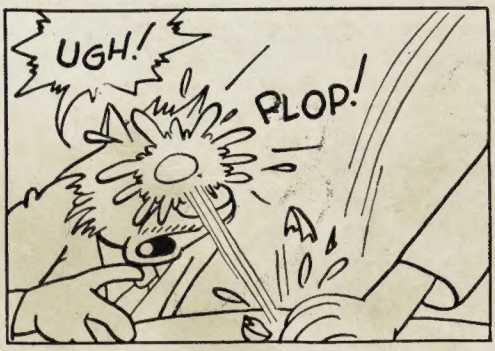
HP

TWO EGGS COMING UP!

No. 85

Gandy Goose in COLUMBUS DID IT





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MIGHTY MOUSE

In

DOLLS OF DOOM

THAT'S RIGHT.

LET'S QUIT!

FELLOW CATS - TOO MANY TIMES HAVE WE SUFFERED DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF OUR HATED ENEMY-- **MIGHTY MOUSE.**

WE CAN'T WIN.

IN A SECRET HIDEAWAY, THE CLAW, ARCH VILLAIN AND NUMBER ONE CRIMINAL OF TERRYTOWN, REVEALS SOME STARTLING **NEWS** TO HIS HENCHMEN.

BUT AT LAST -- THANKS TO PROFESSOR OHM -- COMPLETE VICTORY IS WITHIN OUR GRASP!

WE'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE.

NONE OF THE PROFESSOR'S SCHEMES EVER WORK.

HE'S A FAILURE!

WE DON'T **BELIEVE IT!**

NOW JUST A MINUTE. I KNOW YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO COMPLAIN BUT **THIS** TIME OUR PLAN CAN'T FAIL!

TERRYTOWN WILL BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED AND MIGHTY MOUSE WILL NEVER REALIZE WHAT HAPPENED. THE FIRST PART OF OUR PLAN MUST BE ACCOMPLISHED IN THE NEXT TWO DAYS BEFORE THAT **RODENT** RETURNS TO TOWN. NOW, HERE'S WHAT WE DO --

SOMETIME LATER, AT THE TOWN HALL, THE MAYOR RECEIVES A SURPRISING VISITOR.

THE CLAW IS HERE - ALONE AND UNARMED. HE WISHES TO SEE YOU.

THE CLAW? I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS BUT SEND HIM IN.

GREETINGS, MR. MAYOR-- I COME IN PEACE!

Y-YOU WHAT?

YES--THE GREAT **MIGHTY MOUSE** HAS AT LAST **SHOWN US THE ERROR OF OUR WAYS.** NO CAT SHALL EVER TOUCH A MOUSE AGAIN!

I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

IT'S **TRUE!** FROM NOW ON WE SHALL LIVE TOGETHER AS FRIENDS!

..AND MIGHTY MOUSE SHALL BE OUR HERO, TOO.

THIS IS WONDERFUL! **A RED LETTER DAY!**

HEH--HEH!

GET THE NEWSPAPER ON THE PHONE! SEND A MESSAGE TO MIGHTY MOUSE TO COME HOME IMMEDIATELY. I HAVE THE GREATEST NEWS IN THE HISTORY OF TERRYTOWN!

AS THE NEWS SPREADS, TERRY-TOWN IS FILLED WITH EXCITEMENT.

EXTRA - EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! EXTRA!!

EXTRA!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

CATS ASK FOR PEACE! MAYOR DECLARES TOMORROW HOLIDAY - BIG PARADE AND CELEBRATION PLANNED - THE CLAW, LEADER OF CATS, APPEARED AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE TODAY AND EXTENDED THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP TO ALL MICE. "MIGHTY MOUSE DID IT". HE WAS QUOT

THE FOLLOWING DAY, FINDS THE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE STREAKING HOME IN ANSWER TO THE MAYOR'S MESSAGE.

I WISH THE MAYOR HAD EXPLAINED THE REASON FOR HIS URGENT CALL. IF I HAVE TO TANGLE WITH THE CLAW AND HIS GANG AGAIN, I OUGHT TO HAVE MORE INFORMATION.

HM -- THERE SEEMS TO BE PLENTY GOING ON -- BUT IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A **GALA FESTIVAL** THAN **TROUBLE.**

HERE AT LAST! OUR HERO! **YOU'VE DONE IT, MIGHTY MOUSE, YOU'VE DONE IT!**

W-WHAT HAVE I DONE?

THE CATS ARE NO LONGER ENEMIES. FROM NOW ON, **WE'LL LIVE IN PEACE!** THEY'RE JOINING US IN A **BIG PARADE** TODAY, TO CELEBRATE.

?

HUH! **THAT** I'LL BELIEVE WHEN **I SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES!**

AS TIME DRAWS NEAR FOR THE CELEBRATION, THE CLAW'S HEADQUARTER IS BUSTLING WITH ACTIVITY.

COME ON, HURRY ALONG. THE PARADE'S DUE TO START SHORTLY.

WHERE'S PROFESSOR OHM AND ALL THOSE **MIGHTY MOUSE DOLLS** HE'S BEEN MAKING?

HE'S COMING RIGHT ALONG, BOSS.

HEH-HEH-HERE'S OUR LITTLE TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP WITH THE MICE.

BEFORE TODAY IS OVER, OUR BOYS WILL GIVE AWAY **THOUSANDS OF THESE SOUVENIRS.** THERE'LL BE **ONE IN EVERY MOUSE'S HOME IN TERRYTOWN** STANDING IN A PLACE OF HONOR--

EACH ONE FILLED WITH A HIGH EXPLOSIVE AND TIMED TO GO OFF AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT.

--AND TERRYTOWN WILL BE BLOWN OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

HEH-HEH--WHAT A SCHEME--AND ALL DONE WITH A MODEL OF THEIR HERO - OHM, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

AS THE PARADE PROGRESSES, MIGHTY MOUSE WATCHES IN BEWILDERED SILENCE.

HOORAY!

BRIGHTEN UP, MIGHTY MOUSE, THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR TERRY-TOWN AND YOU!!

'RAY! HOORAY!

HOORAY!

MICE ARE OUR FRIENDS!

MIGHTY MOUSE IS OUR HERO

LOOK! THEY'RE EVEN DISTRIBUTING DOLLS IN YOUR HONOR!

I'M STILL WORRIED--

HERE YOU ARE--GET YOUR SOUVENIR OF THE PARADE. FREE TO ALL MICE!

CAN I HAVE ONE?

ME, TOO!

HEH-HEH--LOOK AT THE FOOLS CHEER US! LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT--

HOORAY!

HOORAY! HOORAY!

HOORAY!

--AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, THOSE PRETTY MIGHTY MOUSE DOLLS WE GAVE THEM WILL BRING THIS TOWN TO AN END.

LATER THAT NIGHT AT MITZI'S HOUSE--

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE SO SUSPICIOUS. THE PARADE WAS LOVELY, THE CATS WERE NEVER SO FRIENDLY-- EVERYTHING IS PEACEFUL---

I KNOW - I KNOW!

BUT I DON'T TRUST THE CLAW. GIVING THESE DOLLS OUT- ACTING SO INNOCENT--

SUDDENLY, THE CHAMPION'S KEEN EARS DETECT A FAINT TICKING SOUND.

TICK TICK TICK

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY DOLL!!

CRACK!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!! THIS IS NOTHING BUT A **POWERFUL TIME BOMB -- AND THERE'S ONE IN ALMOST EVERY HOME IN TERRYTOWN!**

TICK TICK-TICK

NOTIFY THE POLICE! CALL THE RADIO STATION! **ALL CITIZENS MUST BE TOLD TO THROW THOSE DOLLS INTO THE STREET IMMEDIATELY!**

I'VE GOT TO GATHER UP EVERY SINGLE ONE AND CARRY THEM OUT OF TOWN BEFORE THEY EXPLODE!

MEANWHILE:

HEH-HEH-HEH-**TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE** IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

WITH THE SPEED OF A ROCKET, MIGHTY MOUSE RACES THROUGH THE TOWN, GATHER-ING UP THE DEATH-DEALING DOLLS.

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

SWISH

ZOP

ZIPP-P-P

S-S-WWOOSH-

TICK TICK TICK

TICK TICK TICK

THANK GOODNESS, I'M ALMOST FINISHED! THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THESE THINGS WILL GO OFF.

BOSS, **THE GAME'S UP**. THE FLYING RODENT HAS DISCOVERED OUR SECRET. AT THIS MOMENT, HE'S CLEANING OUT THE PLACE **OF EVERY SINGLE DOLL**.

HEH-HEH-TEN SECONDS TO GO. THE FOOL MAY SAVE THE TOWN BUT HE'S PLAYING RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS. COME ON--LET'S SEE THE FUN.

LOOK-HIGH IN THE SKY!

BOOM

HAW-HAW-HAW! THAT'S THE END OF THE **PROTECTOR OF MICE** BY TRYING TO CARRY OFF THE DOLLS AND SAVE THE TOWN, **HE BLEW HIMSELF UP!**

ON TO THE ATTACK! **WITHOUT THEIR CHAMPION, THE MICE OF TERRYTOWN ARE AT OUR MERCY!**

HOORAY!

BANG

BANG

BANG

AS THE CLAW AND HIS GANG REACH THE CENTER OF TOWN, THEY ARE MET WITH AN UNEXPECTED **SURPRISE**.

WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY, CLAW?

YOU!

!

B-BUT THE EXPLOSION! I THOUGHT--

I THOUGHT--

YOU THOUGHT I WAS BLOWN UP!

I WOULDN'T BE SO FOOLISH AS TO HOLD ON TO THOSE BOMBS ANY LONGER THAN NECESSARY.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW FAR I CAN THROW SOMETHING WHEN I HAVE TO.

NO-NO!

CHARGE!

--FOR INSTANCE, **HOW'S THIS!**

SWISH!

POW!

NOW TO DO A LITTLE STREET CLEANING.

SMACK

I ALWAYS SAY, TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE!

BOK

HELP!

HE'S TOO TOUGH TO HANDLE!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

I STILL HAVE ONE DOLL LEFT- I'LL SET IT TO EXPLODE UNDER HIM!

POW!

BOP!

BAM!

WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!

TICK TICK TICK TICK

OH-OH - STILL ANOTHER ONE!

TICK TICK TICK

TICK

TICK TICK

SMACK!

HELP! HELP!

SAVE ME!

THANKS FOR THE PRESENT, OHM, BUT I DON'T WANT IT!

YEOWIE!

BOOM

NICE OF YOU TO JOIN YOUR FRIEND, HERE.

GROAN!

AH - HERE COMES THE POLICE CHIEF JUST IN TIME!

WHAT'S UP, MIGHTY MOUSE? WHAT WAS THAT TERRIFIC EXPLOSION?

POLICE

JUST SOME OF YOUR **PEACEFUL CAT FRIENDS** TRYING TO **BLOW UP** THE TOWN.

YOU'LL FIND THE REST OF THEM DOWN THE STREET, **ALSO RESTING PEACEFULLY.**

PLOP!

PLOP!

YOU SEE - THAT FRIENDSHIP ACT WAS TO ENABLE THEM TO HAND OUT THOSE FAKE DOLLS TO EVERY ONE. DOLLS CONTAINING **HIGH EX-PLOSIVES** SET TO GO OFF WHEN EVERYONE WAS ASLEEP.

PHEW! THAT WAS A **CLOSE** CALL. **THANKS TO YOU, WE'RE STILL ALIVE.**

IT WAS LUCK - THAT'S ALL.

AND AS TERRYTOWN SLEPT PEACEFULLY -

I SEE YOU REPAIRED THAT DOLL I BROKE OPEN.

YES - - BECAUSE I WANT TO KEEP IT AS A **REMINDER** OF WHAT **CAN** HAPPEN WHEN MICE GET **TOO** FRIENDLY WITH CATS.

THE END

HECKLE AND JECKLE

THE TALKING MAGPIES

in

THE HAUNTED MONEY

WOW! A WHOLE SCHOOL OF FISH. ENOUGH FOOD FOR MONTHS. WE EAT, OLD BOY!

BOY! WHAT A CINCH! I **LOVE** FISH - BONES AND ALL.

WAIT, OLD BOY - THESE FISH ARE **PECULIAR**.

NOW, WHAT DOES PECULIAR MEAN? HE AND HIS **BIG WORDS!**

AH - HERE IT IS! **PECULIAR!** DIFFERENT IN NATURE OR CHARACTER FROM OTHERS.

DICTIONARY

YES - THIS FISH **IS** PECULIAR ALL RIGHT. **HE HAS A TEN DOLLAR BILL IN HIS MOUTH.**

WOW! THERE MUST BE A **SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP** DOWN THERE! LET'S GO!

GOLLY - LOOK AT THE WEALTHY FINNIES! EVEN THE **CATFISH** WEAR DIAMONDS.

HEY, HADDOCK, WHICH WAY IS THE **TREASURE**?

THAT WAY - **BUT I WARN YOU--**

DON'T GO NEAR IT. BECAUSE THERE'S A **GHOST** MINDING IT AND HE **HATES** MAGPIES.

OH, YES? WELL, **WE DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.** SO LONG, HADDOCK.

THIS MUST BE IT! GOLLY! LOOK AT THAT MONEY!

MONEY! JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED. LET'S FILL OUR POCKETS ... AND GET OUT OF HERE!

ER - DO YOU FEEL SOMEBODY WATCHING US, CHUM?

YES, OLD BOY. IT'S PROBABLY THAT OLD GHOST.

IGNORE HIM. NOBODY BELIEVES IN HIM ANYWAY.

ER - NOT EVEN WHEN YOU SEE HIM!

NOT EVEN THEN! WATCH THIS.

BOO!

SEE! GHOSTS SCARE EASILY. WELL, LET'S GO UP AND SPEND OUR MONEY.

BOY - OH BOY! ME FOR A BRAND NEW CAR.

- AND CLOTHES AND MOVIES AND CANDY GALORE - WE'RE RICH!

AND SO THE MAGPIES LIVED IN THE LAP OF LUXURY FOR ONE HOUR AND TEN MINUTES. LITTLE DID THEY SUSPECT--

HOLD YOUR BEAK HIGH, OLD BOY! IGNORE EVERYBODY.

LATER-

SHINE, SON.

WE'RE IMPORTANT MAGPIES NOW, OLD BOY. CONDUCT YOURSELF ACCORDINGLY.

HERE'S YOUR MONEY, BOY! YOU MAY KEEP THE CHANGE.

EEK! EXPLODING MONEY!

BANG!

HEY! GIVE ME BACK MY SHINE!

FAKERS.

DID YOU NOTICE SOMETHING **PECULIAR** ABOUT THAT DOLLAR BILL, OLD BOY?

YES! AND I KNOW WHAT PECULIAR MEANS **THIS** TIME.

WELL--ER! TAXI - TO THE RITZ PLAZA, MY GOOD MAN, AND HURRY.

OH, BOY! IT FEELS GREAT TO HAVE A POCKET FULL OF **REAL** MONEY.

I'M NOT SO SURE, CHUM!

I SUSPECT THAT **THERE IS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS EASY MONEY.**

AHA! HERE WE ARE. KEEP THE CHANGE, MY GOOD FELLOW!

BANG!

WHAT IN THE WORLD!

HEY! COME BACK HERE! I'LL GET YOU TWO BIRDS FOR THIS!

AND SO IT WENT. EVERY TIME THE MAGPIES SPENT A DOLLAR - IT BLEW UP IN THEIR FACES.

GOLLY, CHUM, RUN FASTER. THE BOOTBLACK, TAXI, BARBER, HOT DOG MAN AND THE CLOTHING SALESMAN ARE ALL AFTER US NOW.

QUICK - DUCK IN HERE. WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE.

ANYHOW, WE STILL HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR OUR NEW CAR.

B-BUT

BUT, NOTHING THOSE WERE ONLY **ONE** DOLLAR BILLS THAT EXPLODED.

WATCH THE CAR SALESMAN'S EYES POP WHEN I HAND HIM THIS ONE **THOUSAND** DOLLAR BILL.

HERE YOU ARE, MY WORTHY FELLOW; YOU MAY KEEP THE - - - -

1000

POP!

POP!

BANG!
BLAST!
ZOWIE
WAHM
¡WOOB

WOW, CHUM, THOSE THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS ARE A THOUSAND TIMES AS STRONG AS A THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS.

ANYWAY, IF WE LAND IN OUR ROW BOAT, WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED.

-- LIKE ALL YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS

LOOK!!

YOU CAN'T SPEND GHOST MONEY!
HA-HA-HA-HA!

EASY MONEY!
HAW! HAW-HAW!

AW! DON'T BELIEVE IN HIM, CHUM. ANYWAY WE FOUND OUT THE MEANING OF THE WORD - PECULIAR. HO-HUM!

LITTLE ROQUEFORT'S REVENGE

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

I'M GOING TO FLUSH OUT THAT MOUSE!

HEH-HEH-THIS WILL BE THE END OF ROQUEFORT!

NOW TO TURN ON THE FAUCET

BOY, WILL SOMEBODY BE SURPRISED!

HEY!

WISE GUY!

CLUNK!

WHAT DID I DO?

FARMER AL FALFA in PLANTING TIME

THIS IS GONNA BE THE BEST GOL DANGED SCARE-CROW IN THE COUNTY.

WOOF! WOOF!

SEED

I'LL BET THERE WON'T BE A **CROW** THAT'LL COME WITHIN A **MILE** OF **THIS** GARDEN.

WELL I'LL BE SWITCHED EFFEN HE DON'T LOOK **HUMAN ENOUGH TO INVITE** TO DINNER.

SEED

HEH-HEH-HEH-- WON'T HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH CROWS **THIS** YEAR.

NOW TO DO MY PLANTING--

GR-R-R

SEED

OW-W-W

SEED

COME BACK HERE, YOU DANG BLASTED SEED-STEALERS.

SEED

GIVE ME THAT BAG!

SEED

EFFEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, I'LL --

WHOP!

WHERE AM I? WHERE AM I?

ARF! ARF!

SMACK

HEY! STOP THAT!

CAW

CAW

GO GIT 'EM!

ARF! ARF!

I'LL FIX 'EM. I'LL GET MY GUN AND BLOW THE FEATHERS OFF THEM DAD-BLASTED THIEVES.

GRRR

SPLAT

SUFFERIN' SNAKES!

YIPE

YIPE

YIPE

HERE, BOY! HERE, BOY!

YIPE

YIPE

BLOP!

GOT YA!

SLURP
SLURP
OH-H-H-
YOWIE!
BANG
BANG
BANG
OW! CUT IT OUT! OW-OW. I GIVE UP!
CRASH
SO THEY WANT MY SEED; DO THEY? WELL I'LL FIX 'EM.
TOOLS
HEH-HEH- **NICE STICKY GLUE**-- NOW HAND ME THE SEED.
GLUE
SEED
HEH-HEH-WHEN THEM VARMINTS COME TO EAT **THIS** SEED, THEIR FEET WILL STICK TO THE ROOF AND I'LL CATCH THE WHOLE BLASTED BUNCH OF 'EM.
TOOLS
SEED

HO-HO- HERE COME THE DUMB CRITTERS NOW.

WOOF! WOOF!

YIPEE! WE GOT 'EM ALL!

WE DID IT THAT TIME. WE'VE CAPTURED EVERY ONE O' THEM PESTS.

SEED

GULP!

YA JUST CAN'T WIN AGAINST THEM CRITTERS - YA JUST CAN'T WIN!

CAW CAW

SEED

PLOP

HECKLE AND JECKLE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE TALKING MAGPIES
AND ANOTHER THING! NO MATTER HOW CLEAN A WINDSHIELD LOOKS CLEAN IT ANYWAY!
YES, SIR!
YES, SIR -- AT YOUR SERVICE!
THERE'S NOT A SPECK ON YOUR WINDSHIELD BUT WE CLEAN 'EM ANYWAY.
OWW GULG GULG
SQUIRT..
SOME SERVICE! THE GLASS FELL OUT OF THAT WINDSHIELD. I JUST STOPPED IN TO GET A NEW ONE.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, ARCHER ST. JOHN, Mt. Holly, Virginia; Editor, MARION McDERMOTT, 26 Ascan Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y.; Business Manager, RICHARD E. DECKER, 181 Park Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) ARCHER ST. JOHN, Mt. Holly, Virginia.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.).....

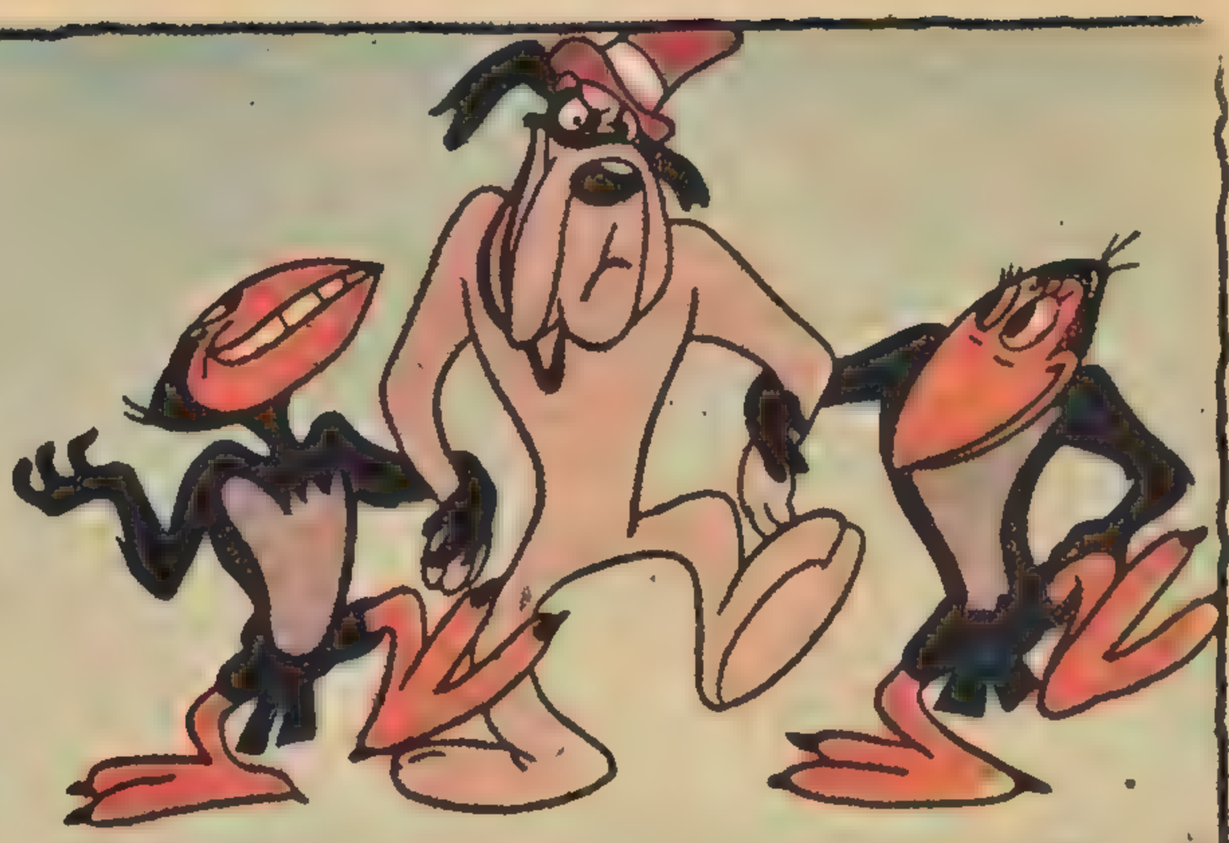
.....

RICHARD E. DECKER
(Signature of business manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1950.

[Seal] HAROLD L. STRAUSS
(My commission expires Sept. 28, 1950)

THE BIG FORTUNE



"WELL, again we must face it, chum," said Heckle. "We are getting low in money."

"What!" exclaimed Jeckle, "You mean we might have to get busy, old bean?"

"There's no doubt about it," answered Heckle. "We've got to raise more cash!"

The two magpies started thinking how they could raise some money without working too hard for it, when Heckle's eye fell upon an item in the newspaper.

He read: MILLION DOLLAR FORTUNE LEFT TO DUMLEY V. ROCKHEAD, JR. IF HE CAN BE FOUND. MR. ROCKHEAD HAS BEEN MISSING FOR 5 YEARS, BELIEVED LOST IN A STORM IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. IF HE CAN BE FOUND, THE FORTUNE WILL GO TO HIM. OTHERWISE ALL THE MONEY WILL BE TURNED OVER TO THE HOME FOR HOMELESS VULTURES IN 3 DAYS. $25,000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING MR. ROCKHEADS' WHEREABOUTS.

"Say, read this!" exclaimed Heckle, handing the item to Jeckle.

"Well, so what?" asked Jeckle, yawning boredly, as he finished.

"Take another look at the picture of the missing heir," exclaimed Heckle, with much excitement in his voice.

"Oh, I say!" said Jeckle, with sudden interest. "He looks exactly like Dimwit, our dopey dog friend!"

"Right!" agreed Heckle. "Now I'll tell you what we'll do—"

In a short time, Heckle and Jeckle hatched a scheme for getting the reward. Then they phoned Dimwit to come over.

"Hiya fellows!" greeted Dimwit, the slow witted but kindly dog, as he strolled in.

"Well, if it isn't Dumley V. Rockhead Jr. who's been in England for the last five years!" shouted Heckle.

"I say, how is London these days, old crumpet?" asked Jeckle.

"Da-a, say, what are you boys talking about?" asked the rightly puzzled dog. "I'm Dimwit."

"Don't get into a dither, old bagface," said Jeckle, "wait until you hear - - - ."

The two magpies explained about Dimwit's resemblance to the missing heir and he, Dimwit, could go and claim the fortune pretending he was Dumley V. Rockhead, Jr.

"It sounds CROOKED! It IS crooked isn't it?" asked Dimwit, doubtfully.

"Of course not!" lied Heckle. "We just want to see you, our old pal, become rich!"

"We love you, old prunehead," said Jeckle, "we constantly think of your welfare."

"Oh, all right," said the gullible dog. "How CAN I resist!"

"Now, tell me where have you been for the last five years?" asked Jeckle.

"Why, right here in Terrytown!" answered Dimwit.

"From now on you'll tell everyone you lived in England and didn't drown in that shipwreck!" said Heckle.

"Well, all right," replied Dimwit, "anything you say."

"Now what's your name, old vacuum bean?" asked Jeckle.

"Dimwit, of course!" answered Dimwit. "Gee, you're forgetful!"

"Your name from now on is Dumley V. Rockhead Jr.!" said Heckle.

"Sounds good!" said Dimwit.

"You should speak like an Englishman!" said Heckle.

"You're jolly well right," said Dimwit, "Da-a, pip, pip and all that sort of rot!"

"That's it!" praised Jeckle. "Now put on this monocle and top hat and let's be off, Dumley."

"I'm Nervous," said Dimwit, "but let's be off!"

Heckle and Jeckle, one on each side of the trembling Dimwit, walked up to the door of the imposing mansion.

"Da-a! It's not too late to back out, you know!" suggested Dimwit.

Don't be a dim wit, Dimwit!" admonished Heckle. "That million dollars is practically ours! I mean yours!"

"Quite right, old fruit," added Jeckle. "You have absolutely nothing to worry about! Now straighten that monocle!"

"Right-o, Da-a, right-o!" said Dimwit bravely.

Heckle rang the bell and the huge door opened a trifle.

"Well, bless me!" cried someone at the door. "If it isn't the missing heir! I'm Bruin McGoon, the lawyer."

"We're Heckle and Jeckle, private investigators, chum," said Heckle. "We decided to hunt this missing heir dead or alive!"

"And we found him, — if you'll excuse the expression, — alive," added Jeckle. "Now we want the reward of $25,000."

The lawyer who was a huge bear, asked the three to step into the livingroom.

"Sure is great to be home, Chaps!" said Dimwit. "Give the lads their reward."

"Where's the reward, friend?" asked Heckle.

The bear stared at the magpies thoughtfully.

"There's something queer about this," he said. "You too look like the two birds who are always trying to pull some sort of a slick trick."

"Da-a, now don't judge hastily, lawyer," said Dimwit. "They're my friends, jolly good friends."

Heckle and Jeckle started for the door.

"I-I just remembered we have another mystery to solve!" cried Heckle shakily as they ran out the door. Dimwit began to follow.

"And I'll h-help you solve it," said Dimwit.

"YOU stay here!" growled the bear, grabbing Dimwit. "I don't think you ARE the missing heir!"

Heckle and Jeckle went out the door as fast as they could. In fact they didn't stop running until they got home.

"Let's pack and get out of town!" cried Heckle.

"I'm already packed for an emergency like this!" answered Jeckle.

And so the mischievous magpies fled to a distant piace in hope that they would be forgotten.

"We're lucky to get away from there with our hides intact," said Jeckle after they settled down in a rented room. "But Dimwit . . .!"

"HO HO HO!" laughed Heckle. "He's such a dope!"

"They'll probably put him in prison," chuckled Jeckle.

In a few weeks the magpies decided to go back to Terrytown.

"Everything ought to be quiet now," said Heckle as they entered their house and unpacked their clothes.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

"Omigoodness," babbled Jeckle. "Who could that be?"

There was a repeated but louder knocking.

"Well, I guess I'll open it and see," said Heckle.

Heckle opened the door and there stood the big bear lawyer, Bruin McGoon!

"I've been looking all over for you two," he roared. "Come down to the Rockhead mansion at once!"

"Oh oh!" shivered Jeckle. "Now we're in for it!"

The frightened magpies followed the bear into a large limousine and soon they were speeding down toward the mansion where they had tried to pull their hoax.

"Maybe with good behavior we'll get our prison sentences shortened!" moaned Heckle.

"Do you think they'll put us in the same cell with Dimwit?" wondered Jeckle.

"Probably put us each in a solitary cell," answered Heckle, dolefully.

"Well, here we are at the mansion," said the lawyer. "Step in!"

They followed the bear into the mansion and were soon greeted by a familiar figure.

"Hiya, fellahs!" grinned Dimwit, who was clad in a handsome pure silk smoking jacket, looking as if he were well settled for good!

"But-uh-er- you still here?" stammered Heckle and Jeckle.

The lawyer and Dimwit both chuckled.

"I realized Dimwit wasn't the missing heir," explained the lawyer, "because Dimwit doesn't have a mole on the back of his head. However I've been looking into his family background and found out he's the first cousin of the missing person. And since we can't wait for Dumley V. Rockhead, Jr. to show up, Dimwit becomes the sole heir to the fortune!"

"I'll be doggoned!" said Heckle and Jeckle who were indeed amazed.

"Well, what do you want of us?" asked the magpies.

"The lawyer here wanted to have you arrested," explained Dimwit, "but he changed his mind when he found I was a real relative. He's rewarding each of you ONE DOLLAR!"

The magpies didn't know what to say as they went home but they were glad that they had narrowly escaped imprisonment! They swore they'd never try to swindle anyone again!

THE END

Gandy Goose in AFRICAN ANTICS

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY! I GUESS I'LL TAKE SOME PICTURES!

OH, GANDY!

WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE!

COME ON! I'M A MAN OF ACTION!

B-BUT, BUT, SOURPUSS--

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO **AFRICA** TO HUNT **BIG GAME!**

MAYBE YOU ARE, BUT **I'M NOT!** GOOD-BYE!

NOT SO FAST, CHUM! WHERE'S YOUR ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT?

OOF!

3 WEEKS LATER -

AH, AFRICA AT LAST!

GOLLY, SOURPUSS, I CAN'T GO INTO THAT JUNGLE WITH ONLY A CAMERA!

DON'T WORRY, PAL! WHY I'M THE BEST SHOT IN THE WORLD!

BANG!

YIPES!

PLOP!

CLICK!

GOT IT!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? I CAN HIT 'EM WITHOUT LOOKING!

WELL, YOU JUST HIT AN ELEPHANT WITH THAT BIRD!

POW!

EH?

NOW, NOW, CAN'T WE TALK THIS THING OVER?

CLICK!

HEY!

SPLASH!

I'LL SHOOT HIM!

YOUR GUN IS FULL OF WATER.

SPLAT!

CLICK!

YII!

BOY, WHAT A SHOT!

CLICK

PLOP!

I GUESS THAT EVENS THINGS UP BETWEEN YOU.

BAH! ELEPHANTS DON'T HAVE ANY SENSE OF HUMOR!

OOPS!

SAY, MAYBE THERE'S AN ANIMAL IN THERE!

COME ON OUT OF THERE!

OH! OH!

YIPES!

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!

PLOP!

GANDY, DO SOMETHING!

BOY, WHAT A SHOT!

CLICK!

HALP!

CLICK!

OH, WHY DID I EVER COME TO AFRICA?

YEOWIE!

SWISH!

SPLASH

OOH! THIS IS THE END!

NOW, WHAT--??

(GULP!) ER- NICE DAY!

TELL THEM BACK HOME I DIED BRAVELY!

HOLD THAT POSE!

POW!!

SOURPUSS, LOOK! THERE'S OUR BOAT DOWN THERE!

COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BUT, SOURPUSS, I WANT TO TAKE MORE PICTURES IN AFRICA!

DON'T EVER MENTION AFRICA TO ME AGAIN!

BACK HOME AGAIN

COME AND SEE MY AFRICAN PHOTO EXHIBIT!

THEY'LL ONLY REMIND ME OF MY AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

LOOK, THEY'RE MAKING A BIG HIT WITH THE PUBLIC!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

HA-HA-HA!

I'M BIGBY TUMBLE, THE MOVIE PRODUCER, I'D LIKE TO **STAR YOU IN A PICTURE!**

GOLLY, YOU WOULD?

JUST SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE!

AHEM, WHAT SORT OF A PICTURE WILL I STAR IN?

WE'RE GOING TO AFRICA TO FILM YOU IN A SENSATIONAL CHASE WITH WILD ANIMALS!

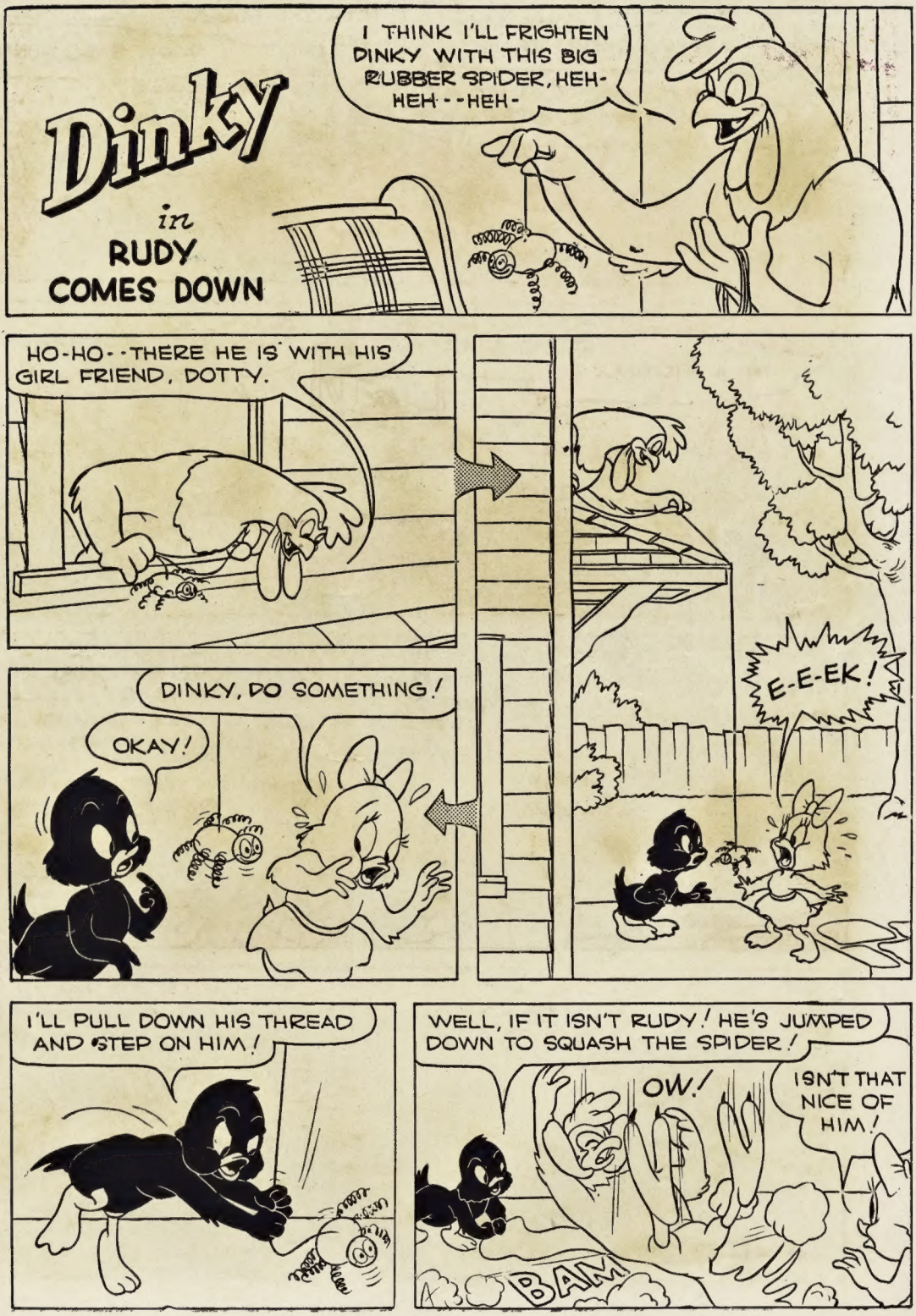
OH, NO - NOT AGAIN!

YEOWIE!

LET ME OUT OF HERE!

NOW, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

PHOTO EXHIBIT


Dinky
in
RUDY
COMES DOWN
I THINK I'LL FRIGHTEN DINKY WITH THIS BIG RUBBER SPIDER, HEH-HEH--HEH-
HO-HO--THERE HE IS WITH HIS GIRL FRIEND, DOTTY.
E-E-EK!
DINKY, DO SOMETHING!
OKAY!
I'LL PULL DOWN HIS THREAD AND STEP ON HIM!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T RUDY! HE'S JUMPED DOWN TO SQUASH THE SPIDER!
OW!
ISN'T THAT NICE OF HIM!
BAM

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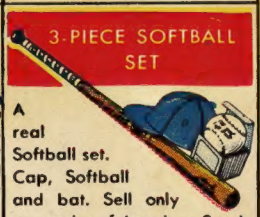

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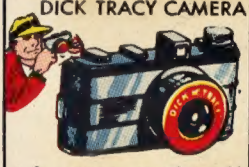
DICK TRACY CAMERA



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